

Fate by ghiblterritory

Series: [Mileven Week 2018 \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-11-07

Updated: 2018-11-07

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:56:33

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 740

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

November was tough to get through.

for Mileven Week 2018

Fate

The porch light flickered above her in the night. She could see her breath, curling up in the cold air. It was that time of year again. Edging on cold, bringing in all the trauma they had seen and experienced. Eleven could feel her regrets freezing her fingers. A part of her wanted to warm them. Another part told her not to, she deserved that.

Yes, November was a difficult month to say the least.

She saw his car lights before she could register what they were, flinching at the harsh shine in her eyes but repressing anything more. They left quick, though, and soon Mike was trudging through dead leaves and branches to her steps. She barely moved to look at him. Tall, and pale, and completely ridiculous.

“Everything okay?” He asked, sounding out of breath. “I came as soon as you called- are you having nightmares? Or, is there something wrong?”

Eleven said nothing. She nodded to the spot next to him instead, focusing her eyes out in front of her again. Mike sat down fast. She could see the worry on his face and something stabbed at her guts. Guilt?

“El, what is it?” His voice was soft, gentle. He always sounded that way talking to her. “You don’t look... Great. Is something bothering you?”

She bit her lips, and curled her fingers up. A pinch of warmth flooded through. How was she going to say this? She had so much on her mind, a million thoughts and anxieties to clear up that all tangled and mashed into something big. It was filling up her head, sinking into her skin. She took a breath, trying to find the words. It all just felt like static. Her eyes squeezed shut.

“I...” She started, trying to hide her face behind her hands. “I’ve been thinking, Mike. About my life. About yours... college isn’t too far ahead for you, and after that you’ll have a career, a house- all of that. And...”

Her voice faltered, searching for her train of thought. “I don’t know what that means for me.”

Mike raised his brow, taking her shoulder. “What do you mean?” “I mean,” Eleven felt her fingernails digging into her palms. “I mean that I don’t... have any of that planned. College is... far away for me. And a career, a house... I love you, Mike. But I’m so... I’m scared that we’re gonna have to go different ways and then things won’t be like they are now. That you’ll find... something new, and I won’t find anything... That it’ll get to me, that all of the lab shit and the monsters- that they’ll never leave and I’m never going to get anywhere.” She let out a shaking breath and opened her eyes again. The world was dark, her breath was still rising. “Mike. I’m terrified.”

The beat of silence was unbearable. Hard to believe, maybe, but Eleven couldn’t stand it. Sitting without an answer.

Eventually, Mike’s hand moved from her shoulder to her hand, lacing their fingers. “That’s not going to happen.” He said, gently reaching out and making her look at him. Eleven stared. His face was serious,

more serious than she'd seen in a long time. "Okay? It'll never happen. I'm going to make sure of that. I love you, Eleven, and I don't think I can say that for anything else. I lost you once and I have no plans on losing you again. And you- you're so smart, El. You aren't anything that happened to us, anything that happened to you. You're brave, and you understand people. You are too strong for all of that to lay a hand on you."

He leaned in and kissed her forehead, which made her smile. "You don't have to go to school. But I want you with me the whole way through. I want you to be the person I buy a house with, the person I can go home to every day. You deserve a good life like that."

Eleven suppressed a sob, letting their foreheads touch. "I love you, Mike." She whispered. He responded by wrapping his arms around her tightly and covering her head in gentle kisses.

They went inside soon after, talking about their future while they warmed up. The soft sounds of Bob Dylan's *Simple Twist of Fate* echoed around them like a message. Eleven took in the idea of it all.

A future.